

The Historie of

Prin. What saist thou, *Mistris quickly*? how dow thy husband?
I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Hof. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell a sleepe here behind, the Arras, & had my pocket pickt, this house is turnde bawdy-house, they picke pockers.

Prin. what didst thou loose, *Iacke*?

Fal. Wilt thou beleue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a seale Ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penny matter.

Hof. So I told him my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and my Lord he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hof. Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hof. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hof. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say otherwise.

Hof. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beast? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? shee's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hof. Thou art an vniust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue tbhu.

Prin. Thou sayst true *Hofesse*, and hee slaunders thee most grosely.

Hof. So hee doth you, my Lord, and said this other day,

You

Henry the Fourth.

You ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sarra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand poud *Hal*? a Million: thy l Million: thou owest me thy loue.

Hof. Nay, my Lord, hee called you *Iacke*, and cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

Prin. If say tis Copper: darst thou be as good as t

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou knowst, as thou art but but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himselre, is to be feared as the thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? na pray God my Girde breake.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall abo But sarra, there's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor H bosome of thine: it is ail filde vp with Gurses, Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocke hore son impudent imboist rascall, if there were an pocket, but tauern reckonings, memorandums o les, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candi long-winded: if thy pocket were enricht with any but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Doe st thou heare *Hal*? thou knowest in th cencie, *Adam* fell: & what should poore *Iacke Fa* daies of villany? thou seest, I haue more flesh ther & therefore more frailty you confesse then you pi

Prin. It appeares so by the story.

Fal. *Hofesse*, I forgive thee: goe make ready b thy Husband, looke to thy Seruants, cherish thy shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: t pacified still: nay, I prethee be gone. Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robbery that answered?